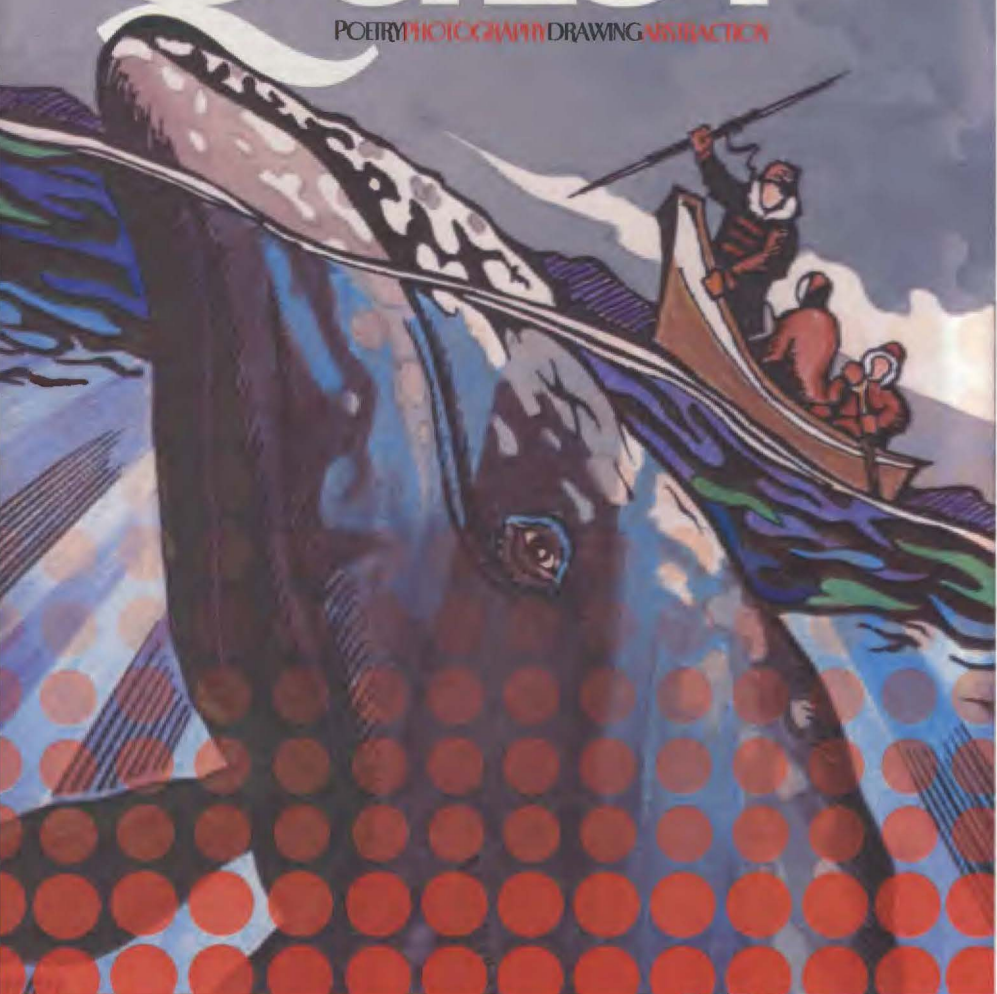


QUEST

spring 2004

POETRY PHOTOGRAPHY DRAWING VISUALIZATION



LYNN UNIVERSITY LITERARY
& ARTS JOURNAL

VOLUME 7

QUEST

spring 2004

Quest, the annual literary and arts journal of Lynn University, continues to grow and evolve as one of the most important statements about the creative and artistic spirit on our campus. This year, the journal will, for the first time, publish poetry not only from students and faculty but also from poets around the world. Also in this issue, volume 7, we have photography, sketches and drawings, and paintings. Special thanks must go out to Prof. Glenn Toscano and his Graphics Practicum class for their work in laying out the publication. Particularly, thanks must go to Andy Hirst for his efforts in the production of this journal. Potential contributors to Quest should submit their work in the fall to Dr. Jeff Morgan, Editor, in the Office of Arts & Sciences at Freiburger Hall. Finally, we would like to dedicate this issue of our publication to our beloved colleague, Dr. Lionel Rosen, Chair of the Mathematics Department, who passed away in December. A frequent contributor to and friend of Quest, Dr. Rosen's wit and penchant for punning will be sorely missed. We, therefore, in celebration and memory of his life, open this year's issue with one of his best works.

To Dr. Lionel Rosen

1941-2003

Math for Poets (a.k.a. Verse with an Equal Sign)

By Lionel Rosen

There's been a desperate behest
For the magazine Quest.
Please do not meander
Or be a bystander.
So I'll do my very best
To give math problems a rest
And put finger to keyboard
With some inspiration
And much perspiration.
Before you know it,
You've got a math poet.

If you know your math history,
It is no mystery
That Fermat had a theory
Of which math people were leery.
For three centuries it remained unsolved,
But several years ago it was resolved.
In the 1930s after a decade of delirium
Andrew Wiles
Was all smiles
As he solved Fermat's last theorem.

No doubt right-angled Pythagoras
Was really incredulous
When he reduced all sides to squares.
And now nobody cares
If the sides are whole numbers or a fraction
Because there is no longer adverse reaction
To a power exponent.
One no longer becomes a proponent
Of avoiding a dreaded exponent.

There is very little credibility
In calculating the probability
Of data which is statistical.
You can go ballistical
If you have the gumption
To make any kind of assumption
In any hypothesis which is real
With a confidence level of any zeal.
A solution which is complex
Will trigger a bad reflex.

In the matters of fractals and chaos,
Do we care if the pattern starts here or in Laos?
Can the solution be one for calculus,
Or is it perfectly ridiculous
To hope there is some testimonial
To solving the problem with a polynomial?

Or do we assume a rhythm like pentameter
With a more simple mathematical parameter?

With very little persuasion
I'll return to solving that equation.
That's the end of the diatribe
By your mathematical scribe.



Open Roads

By Barry Ballard

I can already sense something empty
and unfulfilled nearby, as the mother
tells me how her daughter's life will be "tough,"
raising a child on her own. And I can see
it in her daughter's eyes, how she's returned
from open roads without a clear memory, how
the other side of her life has worried enough
from all the hard rain, and how love has deepened

into its oil-covered opposite, pot-holed
and cracked at the edges from erosion.
She faces us both, as if facing a mirage, where her
future ripples off the melting blacktop,
covering the fields that were once deep oceans,
where the sound inside her once gently stirred.



Mother & Child by Teisha Huggins



Under the Windwood sun by Johana Huffman



I Am Expressive and Contained

By Emily Revens

I am expressive and contained

I wonder when I will change

I hear the waves crashing

I see my future

I want to be carefree

I am expressive and contained

I pretend to be outgoing

I feel my fears fading away

I touch the stars

I worry that I will not overcome my fears

I cry when I realize what I am missing out on

I am expressive and contained

I understand that I have to be strong

I say that there is a reason for everything

I dream of achieving my fantasies

I try to find peace within

I hope to become those I admire

I am expressive and contained

You Have Two Minutes

By Marisa Guralnick

You have two minutes to explain.
My attention span is short.
Discussions leave soft tissues drained
till numb functions of my mind
suffocate like dry cow-pond carp.
We won't discuss your cohorts.
The weather and my kids are fine.
Get to the heart. You have a heart?

I wonder. You wheedle and smile,
pretend sincerity,
whet glib compliments on nail files.
I'm strapped to the spinning board.
You wing dental drills at me.
Click your nails. My thoughts erode.
I stare out the window, bored,
at crows who pick squirrels from the road.

Uh, yes, I had a fine weekend.
Given time, you must pass.
Like the good, the grating weaken;
then, we blow ourselves away
in a puff of dust and gas,
pausing on every bridge to feed
shrieking trolls who we won't pay
our treasure hidden in the reeds.



Sketch by Ernest Ranspach

The Subconscious

by Chemilda Felican

I am in love, subconsciously, with the ones that make me float.

These things help me survive when I believe I cannot.

These objects keep me alive when I think I should not.

I think about them everyday but not every minute,

Not every second or else I would relive it.

I am in love with the good and the bad,

The hard and easy

And even the sad.

I am in love with myself, subconscious.

I am in love with my looks, my feelings, and my conscious.



Clouds by Seth Gottlieb



Schizo by Andy Hirst [pen on paper]

Girl Poem by Selina Bierria

I shave my legs.
I sit down to pee.
And I can justify
Any shopping spree.

Don't go to a barber,
But a beauty salon.
I can get a massage
Without a hard-on.

I can balance the checkbook.
I can pump my own gas,
Can talk to my friends
about the size of my ass.

My beauty's a masterpiece,
and yes, it takes long.
At least I can admit
to others when I'm wrong.

I don't drive in circles,
at any cost,
and I don't have a problem
admitting I'm lost.

I never forget
an important date.
You just gotta deal with it.
I'm usually late.

I don't watch movies
with lots of gore,
don't need instant replay
to remember the score.

I won't lose my hair.
I don't get jock itch,
and just cause I'm assertive,
don't call me a bitch.

Don't say to your friends,
"Oh yeah, I can get her."
In your dreams, my dear;
I can do better.
Flowers are okay,
but jewelry's best.
Look at me you idiot,
not at my chest.
I don't have a problem
with expressing my feelings.
I know when you're lying;
You look at the ceiling.

Don't call me a girl,
a babe or a chick.



Untitled by Brett Isacson

No One's Girl

By Andrea Best

A cadence of whispers
Roles down the darkened
Avenue of my shoulder blade,
Echoing footfalls that claim
Each shadowy hiding place,
A refuge for languid lingering.

An object reflected
In the lens beneath
Shuttering eyelids,
I spread open before you,
A world without maps
To be explored in every direction,
Sands that seep from your hands
Upon grasping, then crystallize.

A tear rising from your eyes
As you press an ardent palm
Against the pane:
I wave goodbye.

My Mother's Recipe Box

by Orsolya Ficsor

Sitting on a shady corner,
Holding the memories of cheerful feasts,
Childhood laughter,
Tears of joy and sadness.

The memories of friendship grew stronger as years passed by.
Unspoken love
Developed silently, faithfully and well-kept,
Still sometimes neglected.

Whenever she opened the recipe box,
An unexplainable love and excitement entered the room,
A love that brought a smile and grace to her face.

It was nothing but an ordinary candy box
Once filled with delicious chocolate indifferent sizes.
I wondered many times
How something so small
Becomes a treasure for all.

Covered with a light film of dust, tattered and half torn,
A piece of memory,
A fragment of the past,
Still it remains a part of my life that survived to be
A precious loved friend.

And, so, it is a million things at once,
Sweet and silent with colored grace,
Hiding untold stories and everlasting memories.

I see shadows dancing on my mother's face,
Signs of the past and long kept memories.

Her youth is gone.
Now she grows old.
Her heart remains the same,
The purest of gold.
Her eyes are like shining light; they tell so much.
She will always be
My sweet mother with her recipe box.

I Awoke In A Calm

By Chris Fluder

I Awoke In A Calm

The House, Quiet

The Air, Soft

My Feet Spoke softly Of a floor That Felt

Humid But Not Damp

Taking without Pause My Deepest Thoughts

And Thinking Nothing At All

Lingering After Each Step Only Long Enough To Keep

Moving

Coming down the stairs, I Don't Know If

We Spoke

Not Two things

Passing In The Night

Just A Mother And Son Who For

A brief Moment Were Quite Certain

of nothing

Standing Beside It Now

the House In All Its fortitude yielded To the Day

and I to Its Motionless

Refrain

The Water Lies Nearby

Beside A Thick Of Wood

Promising Only What It saw

I Looked On from Beneath

Of Tomorrow's Listless Longing

By Andrea Best

The crowd makes us seem like mad children,
Screaming at the tops of our lungs
On the beach at night.

Fingers intertwined,
We escape through the backdoor,
Hurl our twisted limbs into delicious oblivion.

Teeth that nibble daylight from tender flesh
Leave tiny pinholes in the painted canvas
Of this evening sky.

In your room
Beneath the monochrome swirl
Of your ceiling fan
Time drips like the sweat from your brow,
And evaporates.

Familiar strangers
Anointed with the indiscretions
Of a hollow past.

We stare with pupils wide,
Record every moment,
Free them from their prison of ephemerality.

What is it that
Can only be found
In the murky afterglow
Of our artificial dawning?

Pricking with the sharpened edge of morning,
This drowning embrace denies
The break of coming day.

We hold on in silence,
Closing our ears to the beckoning whisper
Of tomorrow's listless longing.



Untitled by Teisha Huggins

Around Her Ankles

By Chris Fluder

Around her ankles
the fabric that rose contempt
in his eyes

Silent laughter
fills a soul
As she is filled

The hollow marriage
of her darkness
And his lips

Goodbye



Her Presence

by Hans Willi Schwartz

It may be difficult to see her
Even though her presence is soothing.
I know that she is close by.
Whenever I feel alone,
Her strong aura easily fills the room
With a dominant glowing presence.
Her personality is so strong
That everyone feels her aura.
She has a love that no one can deny
Even though it's expressed to very few.
Even if her unfinished ideas may be
Expressed by another,
The two have a strong connection;
Surprisingly, they may even be strangers.

Heart Hurting So Good

By Sampura Vespia

Heart hurting so good
I wonder from pain or palpation

Like the beat of a drum
It rattles and shakes my frame

As if bones could moan
My body aches for that tender touch

When eyes meet
And connection finds
Where words deafen
And bliss blinds

A consumed mind in a wondering fog
I am found in this bliss

A stormy whirlwind of Love

My Knees Start to Weaken

By Nicole Bressani

My knees start to weaken
At the first sight of your face.
My heart starts to melt
At the thought of your embrace.
Your love flows through me
Like a river flows down its path.
Your kiss takes me soaring into the sky.
I could probably see heaven.
I really do wish that
When I looked into your eyes I could see
Exactly how it is that
You feel about me.
I get nervous when you're around me.
I feel I could cry when you're away.
I dream about you
Every night and day.
I want you to know
My last three words will always remain true.
Regardless of what I may say or do,
You'll always know that
I love you.



Simplicity by Delmy Sartore

Happiness

By Stacy Block

Every time I walk through the door
And see your smiling face,
All my worries fade away
And laughter takes its place.

Day by day stress runs high
And makes me hate the world,
But when we meet, I forget how I felt
And my happiness is unfurled.

Then I can forget the tears
That come streaming down my face
When everyone that comes my way
Makes me hate the human race.

The peeling of our laughter
Can be heard far down the hall.
No matter what my troubles are
You're as close as a simple phone call.

Finals, tests, exams, and such
Can make my brain want to shatter,
But when we meet and start to talk,
None of that seems to matter.

Every time I walk through the door
And see your smiling face,
All my worries fade away
And laughter takes its place.

My Garden

by Lisa Wackenhut

Love is like a
rose that you plant,
take care of, feed it, and
watch it grow. In the end it blooms
a beautiful flower that you can admire
and be proud of. I made this garden
I call mine, but is it me or the
flowers dying? The smaller
petals are my hands,
and the larger
ones
my
feet.
The
bud
is
my
heart.
That
is
where
I
start.

She Waited Beneath the Mistletoe

by Lindsay Medford

She waited beneath the mistletoe
With your gift engulfed in a big red bow.
She never thought you would not show.
How could she be expected to know?

It was Christmas, the season of joy and glitter,
Not a time to be sad,
Not a time to be bitter.

Her dress that night shone like magic.
Who would have thought the end to be tragic?
She was bejeweled from head to toe.
How could she be expected to know?

It was Christmas, the season of joy and glitter,
Not a time to be sad,
Not a time to be bitter.

She stared, bewildered at the Christmas tree,
Wondering where you could possibly be.
Slowly she felt with each light that flashed
The pieces of her life fall and crash.

She retreated to the house in a dignified manner.
In her head, Christmas carols became a jumbled clamor.
The last thing we heard was a loud sparkly shatter.
She jumped through the window.
What did it matter?

Winter Wonderland

by Elaine Deering

School bells chime, are you listenin'?
Now's the time teardrops glisten.
I've just got to pass my English class,
Working up a panic over grades.

Gone away is September.
Here today is December.
My work isn't done.
I'm under the gun,
Working up a panic over grades.

In October I was at the doctor's;
Then last month my parents came on down.
In November had to go to grandma's,
And I've booked an early flight for my home town.

All last week we conspired
To somehow escape your ire,
To face it afraid
Of the marks that we've made;
Now we're in a panic over grades.

True Meaning

by Cedric Bennett

How does a day so great
Receive cold adjectives, like dark and gray?
One may say that rain from a lake
Colors over what is supposed to be a happy day.
When truth answers the same question,
He talks with a voice of depression,
And every word that flows out of his mouth
Is filled with sorrow.
This day is mixed by many
And confused by most.
Adults and children receive many presents
And often brag and boast
What happened to the olden days
When true meaning was steadfast
And gifts and food on everyone's mind
Was never first but last?
So how does a day so great
Receive cold adjectives, like dark and gray you ask?
Truth answers, "When the first thought is no longer
first but last."



Peaceful by Delmy Sartore

Milk Containers

By David Lawrence

Why is god in the New York Thruway
Somewhere between Monticello
And Albany?
I told him to take a hike.
He is hitching.
The priest who gives him a lift
Can't take all his complaining.
He hands the wheel over to God
Who plays with it like
A child
And crashes into a milk truck
So that all the faces
Of lost container children
Lie on the road looking up at the sun.



Something Lost

By Jeff Morgan

On the shadowless seas,
Three-hundred and sixty degrees
Of waves licking the eye of God,
Ancient navigators would fly
Over plunging billows of white
And with their seasoned naked eyes
See Venus.

On the plain bathed in sunlight
With nary a tall tree in sight,
Only bushes rise up to God
But do not break the horizon
As the tribesmen with no clothes on,
Looking up where the clouds have gone,
See Venus.

In the suburb, unbroken sky
Begins along a line of tiles,
New-made clay by the hand of man
Whose earth supports all that he got,
Whose earth, he deems, is way too hot,
Whose eyes this sunny day cannot
See Venus.



Untitled by Sivan Vinik

After The Pin Drops, Would You Please Turn-off Your Cell Phones?

by John Daily

Cellular, stellar,
You're invading my space
With up-to-the-minute minutiae
That pimps our human race.

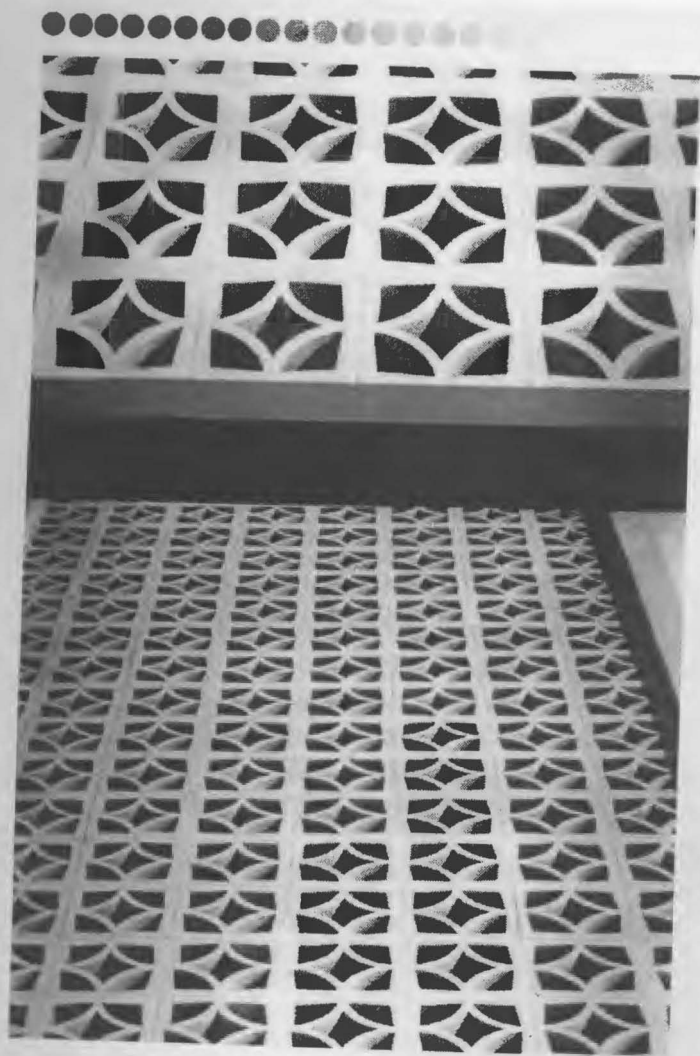
Cellular, stellar, you're
Calling from Hell? You're
Telling me where you are?
"You're in the end-zone now?"

A bimbo in Limbo,
Her arm cocked akimbo,
Takes a call from Big Jimbo
While dining with Timbo.

A voice at the next table
Pleads, "Hang up if you're able."
Nervous parents track their kids
On GPS picture phones, with flip-down lids.

Trivial convivial
Cross the Connivial,
Spew your snivial
With Cellular slivial.

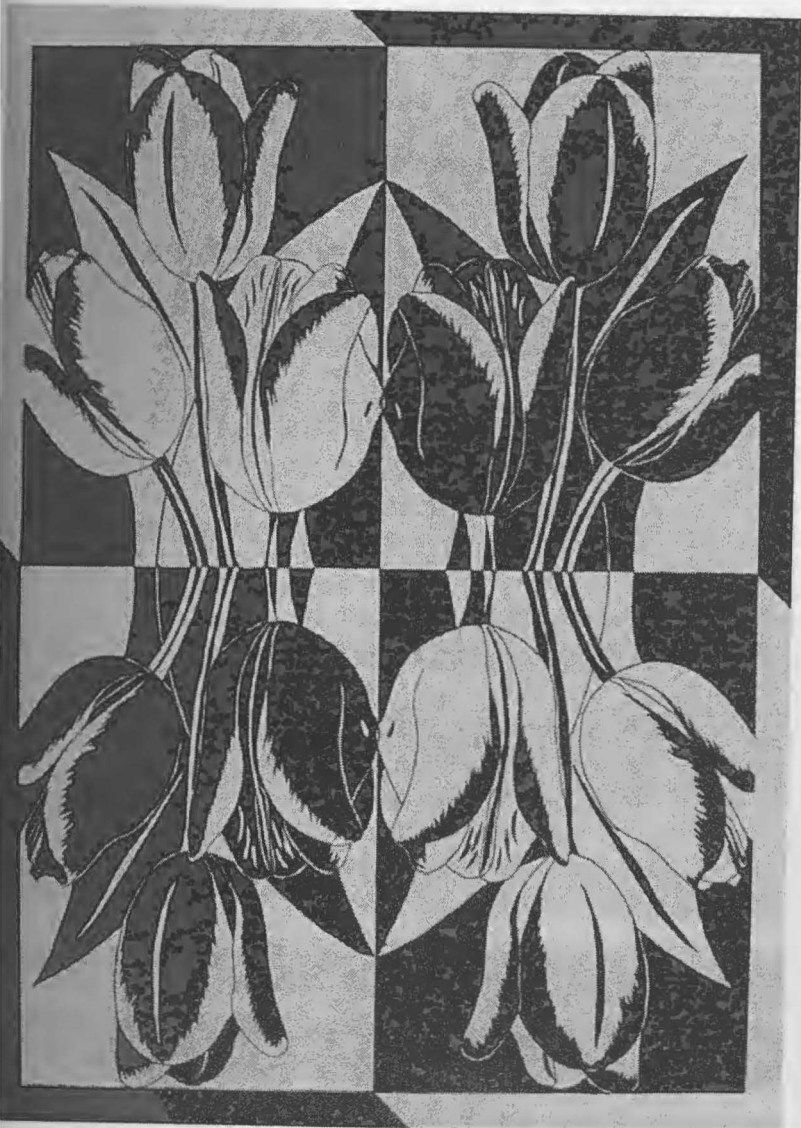
Did you hear about the little boy who cried, "Wolf?"
It seems that he never knew when he had enough.



Abstraction by Alicia Castilha



Untitled by Erica Hali



Flowers by Nicole Bressani

The Meadows

by Lisa Wackenhut

In the weeping meadows

 I hear a sound, a sound
that no one else can hear.

In the weeping meadows

 I hear a sound, a sound
that is distant, yet so clear.

In the weeping meadows

 I hear a sound, a sound
that only I can understand.

 I ask is this a sign, a sign
that only I can define.

The Garden of the Gods

By Gregg Cox

To my left, the Great Plains, flat, dry, spreading for miles.
To my right, the Rocky Mountains, rugged, high, rising to meet the blue Colorado sky.
Here I sit, in the Garden of the Gods.
Where the flat brown plains give way to green hardwoods leading to the base of the mountains.
Where huge boulders seem balanced atop smaller ones as though God himself had placed them there.
But look closely, they weren't placed by the hand of God, they are the remains of boulders past.
Worn by the winds that come down from the Rockies, and now whisper through the pines.
Worn from the cold that comes every year bringing snow and ice.
Worn from the heat that I feel today as I sit atop the huge balanced stone.
How long can this balance last?
When will the boulders fall and crumble like the Arapahoe, the Ute, the Shoshone who once occupied these Great Plains.
What happened to their balance?
Was it the whispers?
Was it the cold hearts of greedy men that lead to heated battles which destroyed the balance?
And what about me?
Will I maintain my balance until the end?
Or will I become like those unbalanced souls who wander the streets.
What happened to them?
Was it the cold hearts of their friends?
Was it the heat of their ambition?
Was it the whisper of others?
I see the cold in their eyes.
I feel the heat.
I hear the whispers.
What about me?

Pond rocks warm with sun...

By Rebecca Lilly

Pond rocks warm with sun...
over the fish, a mirror
of cherry blossoms.



Untitled Erica Hali



Water fall by Seth Gottlieb

Mexican Petunias

by Diane Allerdycce

The Mexican petunias have grown tall
this summer
in the front yard.

Their purple petals bloom each morning,
fall every evening to the ground,
leaving scattered blossoms
at the feet of the plumbago.

If you were here, you'd be writing haiku,
morning and evening,
about them.



Bad Luck by Andy Hirst [pencil]



The Rubber Trees

by Diane Allerdycce

On more than one occasion a friend
has told me that the rubber trees in front of the
house,
one burgeoning cluster on each side of the door,
will bring bad luck.

They seem innocuous in their raised beds,
sitting smartly among the lantana.
Their teal, sturdy leaves are confident—
like stalwart, steady pilgrims.

I would like not to believe it, this tale
about rubber trees bringing bad luck.
There are other explanations
for everything that has happened.

The River

by Erika Youngblood

I approach the river with
apprehension.

The intensity of the current paralyses me.

It is far too deep and strong for me to attempt to cross
it.

The dark, murky waters shield

What is truly below the surface:

Rocks and snakes, physically menacing, but plants and fish

Confuse and play with the mind.

I inhale and take a step, my feet are immersed,
there's no going back.

As I go deeper, the water clears

and I find it is a gentle stream,

not a vicious river.

The water flows around me

and I cup some in my hands

and drink.

It is sweet and refreshing.



Girl in Tree by Jack Rosen



Bride by Seth Gottlieb

A Cry for Death by Esha D. Sooknanan

All visions of beauty burst into flames
As I remembered his body all tangled and maimed.

The body all burnt and with his flesh falling off of his face,
Every time I close my eyes, I think of that place,

The night all lit up looking like an orange sky,
I keep hearing his screams of how he wanted to die.

Pain and despair, I can smell the fear.
Thinking about it brings back the tears.

The night air seems so heavy.
The days are so muggy.

Everywhere I go I see his body,
All charred and torn and bloody.

In the far away distance I hear a blood-curdling scream.
I cringe on the inside, unaware that the voice I'm hearing is me.

I go through life as if in a trance.
Everywhere I look I see blood; I feel the heat, and I smell the stench.

Lonely, empty, this morbid existence of mine;
I just want to curl inside myself and hide.

My life is washed in shades of orange and red,
And my heart is so dark, it's almost black.

Late into the night, let me tell you what I dream about,
Visions of cockroaches, crawling in and out of my mouth.

For I too want to die
And meet him in that place up in the sky.

Good bye now.
Don't forget to say your prayers.



Jaw, pelvis & skull by Andy Hirst [pencil]

Final Thoughts

by Rich Duran

Hit me again.
You can no longer hurt me.
Hit me again.
All your power is gone.

You can no longer hurt me,
For I no longer love you.
You can no longer see my tears,
For I have wept them all.

You can no longer scare me,
For you no longer know me.
You will never hurt anyone again,
For I will no longer let you!

Bang...Bang...Bang...

Some time has passes.
I sit still in silence.
All emotions are dead.
All senses are quiet.

A noise from a distance-
Oh yes – sirens approaching,
Yet silence remains.
Bloodstained walls swallow me whole.

The sirens come closer,
And I know it is time,
Time for me to go away.

Bang...

Yet the silence remains.

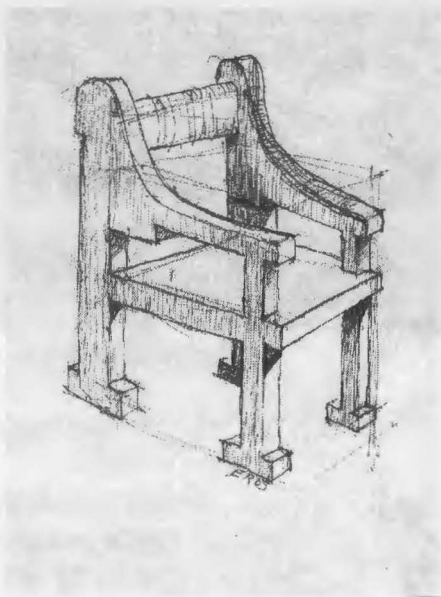


Abstract by Teisha Huggins

At The Moment of the First...series 1

By Rosalie Schwartz

At the moment of the first firecracker
violet jellyfish umbrellaed the sky
scar tissue night charcoaled the moonbeams
tears lotioned hundreds of feet
into pockmarks of sand
to the edges of madness
I wore buttercups
And drank sadness of wine
Our kiss had ripped the serpent apart



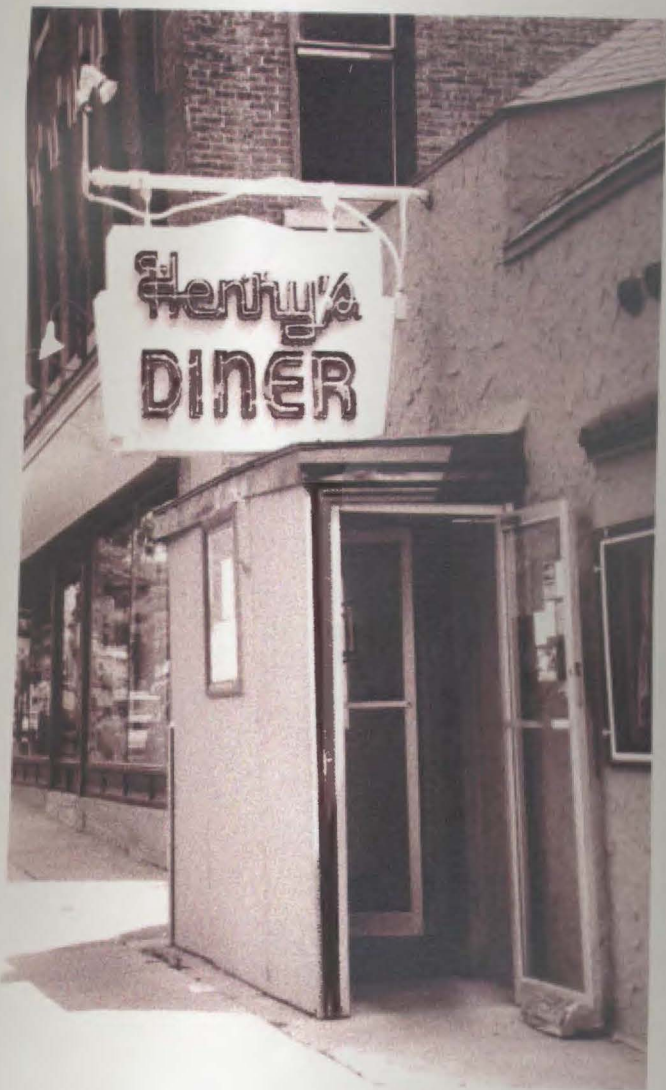
Chair sketch by Ernest Ranspach



Quest by Andy Hirst [pen]



Blue Grass by Delmy Sartore



Henry's by Delmy Sartore

Quest is an annual Literary and Arts journal for students and faculty of Lynn University. We have grown from last year, and we hope that trend continues.



Poetry-Photography-Drawing-Abstraction